

GOV. ROOSEVELT *Is He Striving for the Presidential Nomination?* --- BY J. J. INGALLS.

POLITICAL diagnosis is not an exact science, nor are its deductions always infallible. The doctors sometimes err, but to the professional eye Roosevelt exhibits marked Presidential symptoms.

His pulse, temperature and respiration, on his recent Western tour, were slightly above normal.

His progress from New York to Las Vegas was triumphal and spectacular. The itinerary was distinctly theatrical. His managers arranged the entrances and exits opportunely. The rear platform was utilized. The advance agent secured effective press notices. The change of costume in Paul Morton's private car, as the end of the journey drew near, from the conventional garb of Albany to the slouch hat, cavalry boots, martial gauds and yellow duck uniform of the Rough Riders at Santiago was dramatic.

It reminded one somehow of the cocked hat and gray overcoat of the conqueror of Marengo, whom Conkling was wont to describe as the great tragedian of the nineteenth century. Whether Grant ever carried his Appomattox clothes in a dress suit case to wear at Grand Army reunions, his biographer does not record.

Presidential candidates have begun to learn that the road to the White House runs through the Mississippi Valley. The approval of the prairies is indispensable to success. The West holds the purse, the sword and the sceptre. The salt water despots have had their day. The West supplies the votes, and wants to know for whom they are to be cast. Hence, for the candidate, the longest way round is the shortest way home.

If Roosevelt's purpose was to sound public opinion, the result must have been gratifying. He found a warm and cordial, almost an enthusiastic, welcome. He is popular. Notwithstanding his metropolitan ancestry, his wealth, his culture, there is a breezy strain of the frontiersman about him and an absence of starch and scallops and frills that endears him to the average constituency.

Then his impulsiveness, his lack of judgment, his want of discretion and discernment are not without their charm. Especially to the young, who detest cold, cautious and calculating conservatism.

The Governor has learned something the past few years. His instincts have always been right, but he has not till recently comprehended the relations of his own individuality to the rest of the universe. His sense of personal proportion has been defective. He has been so conscious of his own rectitude that he has been unable to conceive that any one could differ from him without turpitude. The most malignant foe to temperance is the sentimental prohibitionist, and

the worst enemy of reform in politics is the reformer. Charles Sumner was a type of the species that will make no terms with evil except immediate and unconditional surrender. Unless they can reach the goal at once, they refuse to take a step in the right direction, and so obstruct all progress. They deny the right of evil to exist, and forget that popular self-government is the supremacy of the average and not of the best. They think the Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence, and that the violent take it by force. They forget that human society is compounded of good and bad, and that successful politics is

are Republicans or Democrats or Populists a great deal and all the time. They are partisans, but not bigots. Since the Colonel has parted company with Seth Low, Parkhurst and the other ideologists, and gone in with Platt, he is better liked out this way. Independence and self-association are admirable, but majorities rule, and the ballot box decides whether truth is to be on the scaffold or on the throne. Roosevelt has apparently decided to go with the majority hereafter.

In his Kansas speeches he was as eulogistic as the most inveterate boomer. The average Kansas audience is always critical, and

history. It changed the geography of the world in sixty days. Contrasted with Gettysburg and the march to the sea, the operations at Santiago seem trivial and insignificant. More men were killed and wounded in single battle in the civil war than were actively engaged in our army and navy combined. But when freedom recounts the sacrifices of her sons she does not recall their rank and station, nor the field on which they fell. That they gave their blood for the flag is enough. So El Caney and Siboney and San Juan will be remembered as long as Bunker Hill and Marathon.

exhibition of courage, endurance, fortitude, pluck and patriotism. It made Roosevelt Governor of New York. It may make him President of the United States.

The American people cannot be described properly as warlike. They prefer charters to the sword. They are not pugnacious. They are slow to anger. Had it not been for the destruction of the Maine it is doubtful whether there would have been war with Spain. The Administration was opposed to it. The business interests of the country did not want it. The Catholic Church, with its immense political influence, labored for peace.

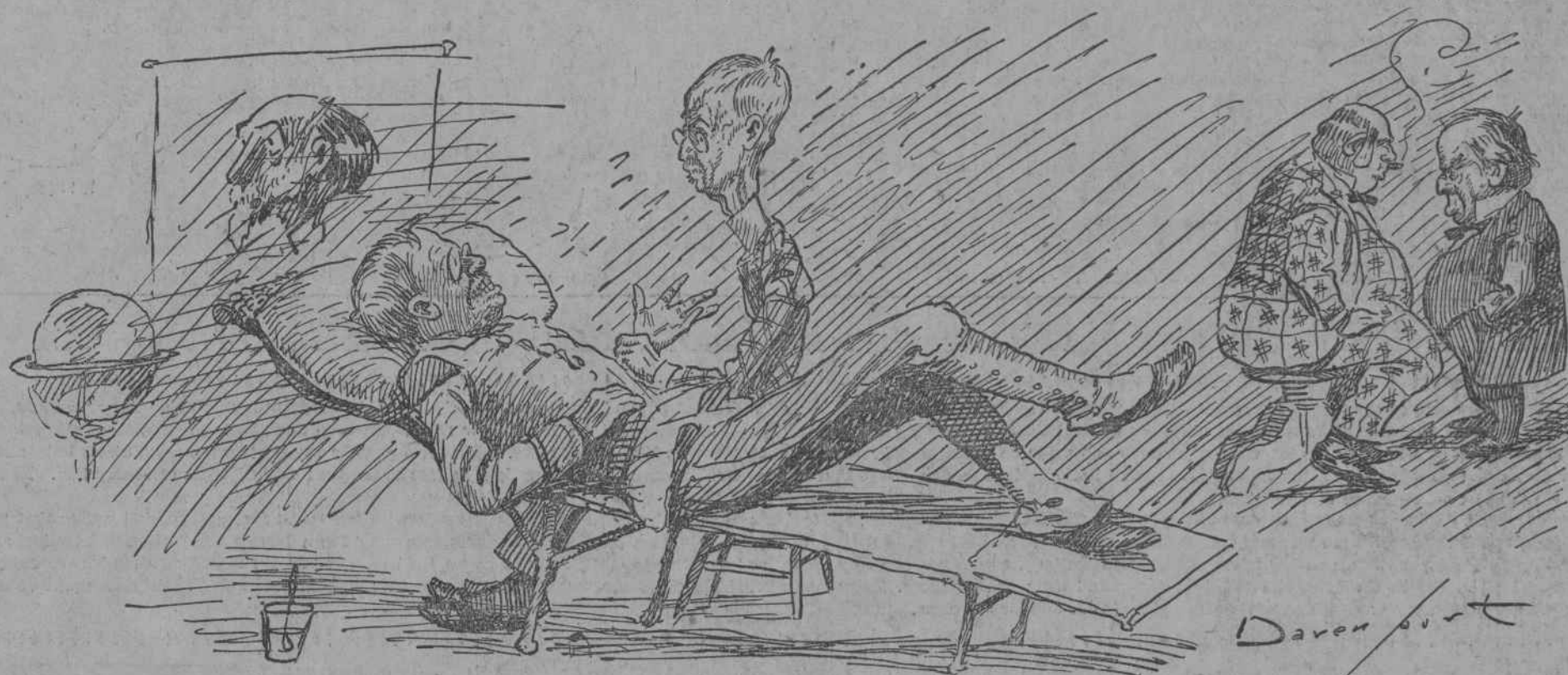
They are reinforced by the hostility of nature, by the fatal energies of the air infesting where they fly and poisoning where they repose. The Twentieth Kansas Regiment, recruited at 1,200 has 200 invalids on the way home, 550 more unfit for duty from wounds and disease; but 450 remain on the firing line. People are beginning to wonder why we paid twenty millions to Spain and, if the North American Indians held civilization at bay in a hand-to-hand fight for two centuries, when the ten million Filipinos will be pacified.

Were it not for the humiliation and ignominy of retreat and surrender, there would be an immediate demand for evacuation, but pride of race and dreams of destiny and hunger for the horizon and passion for empire come in, and the repleted regiments will be filled up, and the Administration supported, even to the point of exterminating the insurgents. The man or the party advocating a policy of relinquishment and submission will go into history with the Hartford Convention and the Copperheads of the Rebellion.

In clamoring for expansion and Oriental dominion, Roosevelt appeals to impulses that are indomitable. He represents the inevitable. He anticipates the future. He moves along the line of least resistance. Above him flames the splendor of the flag, with its intangible inspiration, the emblem of irresistible power, the symbol of imperishable glory. Roosevelt did not omit to remind his Kansas audiences that they, too, had a hero—the adventurous and intrepid Frederick Funston, farm hand, reporter, explorer, lecturer, soldier of fortune and, at thirty-four, Brigadier-General. He bears the same relation to the Luzon campaign as Roosevelt to that in Cuba, and for similar qualities and exploits. These two, with Dewey, are thus far the famous names of the war. The verdict of history is yet to be pronounced. Time sometimes reverses the judgment of contemporaries.

Meanwhile the beneficent trusts that were to cheapen commodities and benefit consumers have, during the past thirty days, raised the price of brooms, raisins, butterine, wall paper, rubber goods, glassware, meat, crackers, furniture, wagons, ploughs, fence wire and other necessities from 15 to 100 per cent, and Captain Oberlin M. Carter, who was convicted more than a year ago of stealing seventeen hundred thousand dollars from the Government and sentenced to fine, imprisonment and dismissal, is still wearing the uniform and drawing the pay of his rank. By July 1 his gaudy partners will be protected by the statute of limitation.

JOHN J. INGALLS.



"Roosevelt exhibits marked Presidential symptoms. His pulse, temperature and respiration were slightly above normal."

the science of compromises.

Roosevelt had some of these characteristics, but ambition or years have made him tolerant. He drives well now in harness. He used to be so perpendicular he was never quite sure he was straight unless he was leaning over backward. The genuine reformer believes the true way to belong to a party is to revile its leaders, denounce its methods and policies, and give aid and comfort to its enemies.

The people of the West have never learned the art of belonging to a party a little. They

sometimes are uncertain, coy and hard to please as woman in our hours of ease, but it is always ready for a flirtation. Flattery and appeals to self-love never fail on deaf ears, and Roosevelt played Lothario with high art. He praised everything and everybody, and his journey to and fro in the State was an uninterrupted series of ovations.

Considering the size of the armies, the number of casualties and the duration of the campaign, the results of the Spanish-American war were the most incredible in

But though the harvest of glory is so abundant, the crop of heroes is small. It has been intimated that the design originally was to have no heroes at all in order to avoid political complications in 1900.

However this may be, it is singular that the only man who came out of the Cuban campaign with any halo in popular estimation, any of the fame that attends military prowess, was Roosevelt, and his distinction was acquired in a battle that had the same strategy as a football game or a pugilistic encounter, and no more. It was a superb

But the explosion in the harbor of Havana was the knell of Spanish dominion in the Western hemisphere and the Pacific, and the war that followed was the people's war.

With the Philippines it is different. The conscience of the nation is not interested. The appeal to patriotism is not strenuous. The field of operations is far, and the advantage of victory is dubious, questionable and remote. Fighting Aguinaldo and his savage hordes is like a contest with wolves. They assemble and disperse and reappear unconscious of defeat and indifferent to death.

Will Newport's Wealthy Society Begin the Experiment?

A week ago the Rev. Dr. Hamilton preached to a fashionable Newport congregation that if society refuses to receive men or women who break up homes it will put an end to divorce. He begged society to do this as a kindness to the Church, as people care more for social recognition than for preachers' sermons.

WHEN reading the earnest plea which the reverend gentleman addressed to his audience at Newport recently (audience seems a more appropriate word to use than congregation in speaking of Newport) I am forcibly reminded of the prophecy which was made by Mlle. Cousson, of Paris, to a Journal reporter last January.

It will be recalled by the Journal readers that a representative of this paper visited the world-famous prophetess and asked her to foretell the future of America. Among other things she said: "The dominion of the United States will reach from pole to pole. But the evil of divorce will at last become unbearable."

"The rich will change their wives so often that they will be worse than Turks."

"At last women will revolt for their own protection."

SHALL WE REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE DIVORCE?

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"They will put an end to divorce altogether." "An American woman will lead the crusade."

"She will go down to posterity as the Jeanne d'Arc of the Western World."

When it becomes necessary for a clergyman in our most ultra-fashionable society to make the plea which Dr. Hamilton made to his Newport audience it would seem that the evil which the French clairvoyant foresaw for our country was well upon its way.

But what will become of that society if such measures are adopted as those proposed by Dr. Hamilton?

Who will cast the first stone, since nearly every prominent family in the Newport circle lives in a glass house or is closely related to those who do?

If divorced men or divorced women are to be debarred from the charmed inner house of society, who will dare begin the delicate task of cutting his or her relatives from the visiting list? At present the structure of Newport society rests upon the shoulders of families wherein the co-respondent has played a leading role.

Dr. Hamilton is especially severe upon the man and woman co-respondent. He would have them banished from all respectable homes. Queen Victoria has made an effort in this direction by banishing all women who have figured unpleasantly

in divorce scandals from her Court. I fear the well-meaning dame has not carried her moral measures so far with the male offenders, else would Albert Edward be denied admission to his own mother's drawing rooms, and many a titled man would share his exile.

Before Dr. Hamilton's plea to society can be acted upon human nature must undergo some further stages of evolution.

It is a curious fact that the majority of women are attracted by a man who wears a danger signal reputation.

When a man is supposed to be a destroyer of feminine peace of mind he is pretty sure of having the entrée to the most exclusive circles wherever he goes.

The bold women, of course, are willing to meet him. The good women are anxious to see what he is like, and to show him how utterly powerless he is to disturb them. The very good women want to convert him.

The indifferent are pleased to exhibit their indifference, and this can only be done by an encounter.

There are women who close their eyes and ears and turn their heads away when a murderer, a forger or a thief passes by, but every woman takes a look at the co-respondent in her neighbor's divorce suit. Nor is this curiosity strictly feminine.

The masculine columns supporting the structure of society are not easily frightened by tales of other structures which have been destroyed by clinging vines, but instead too frequently permit the tendrils of these vines, ruthlessly flung upon the ground, to twine about them for a new support.

Men are so sorry for beautiful and fascinating women who are frowned upon by society. When a man is sorry for a woman he wants to look out for himself.

The parson or the judge soon hears of it. Bad as divorce is, the continuance of a loveless marriage is far worse. Better than legislation against divorce, or the social boycotting of divorced parties, would be an effort to educate people into making marriage a high art rather than a matter of bargain and sale, as it so frequently proves to be.

And in order to perfect the art of happy marriages, young men and young women must be taught something besides the fashionable accomplishments and sports of the day.

They must be taught self-control and unselfishness. Trite old words, yet they are the basis of all worthy qualities.

Cultivate unselfishness in a young girl's character and teach her the meaning of those two great words, "Noblesse oblige," and it would be absolutely impossible for her to deceive her husband or to interfere with another woman's domestic happiness.

It is the selfish and self-centred girl or youth who develops into the co-respondent.

The young woman who has been allowed to have every whim gratified, and who has ruled her home and her parents, as so many American girls do, with an imperious will, is very likely to make a mess of her married life, and it depends a good deal upon her social environment whether or not she makes a mess of other people's lives as well.

The girl who has lived only to please herself is not likely to develop into a wife who tries to please her husband. Nor is the son of an adoring mother (who has played the humble slave to her offspring) likely to become a considerate and devoted husband.

Before we undertake to shut unhappy husbands and wives out of society because they have broken unbearable chains let us formulate methods of preventing such unhappiness if it is possible.

There are scores of American girls to-day being educated for misery and scandal. They are hearing marriage spoken of as a business into which

the ambitions enter rather than the heart. She hears the married belle who has not relinquished her lovers, while adding a husband to the list, spoken of with admiration, and she hears great devotion in a wife referred to as "bad form."

All this is excellent preparation for her future sojourn in Dakota.

The young man who has never been taught to deny himself anything for anybody is not likely to begin by denying himself possession of his neighbor's wife if she chances to please his taste.

We blame many a man and many a woman for getting a divorce, when it is the first sensible act of their lives.

We should have bestowed our blame upon them when they obtained the marriage license. We are all inclined to accept the most unholiest as proper if they are conventional, and to frown on righteous movements if they are unconventional or bold.

What Dr. Hamilton needs to do is to turn his attention to parents who have growing children, and try to beat a little sense and wisdom into their heads and hearts if he can. He will find it impossible to change the society of to-day, but he may bring a salutary influence to bear upon that of the future.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

France Herself Has No Conception of Its Magnitude.

THE interminable "Affaire Dreyfus" will soon only form part of the historic records of France, for reference in the school room.

The antidote for its poisonous effects is already at hand. The greatest century of history will conclude with the greatest exhibition of man's achievements—the Universal International Exhibition of 1900.

Here is something better to occupy the mind of Paris, of France, of the world—the apotheosis of the cycle which began under Napoleon the Great. We will have no time for the enterprising projectors of coups d'etat. Our hearts and thoughts will be absorbed in the magnificent works of art, science, industry, invention, religion, scholarship and commerce now being made ready for the delight of France and the nation.

Away with political intrigues, with everlasting canards of coups d'etat! Happily, the Napoleons are few and far between, and the Republic is secure.

We are longing for May, 1900. Only a few months more, and the greatest exposition this world has ever seen will be a reality.

It seems but yesterday that we doubted its success. Overwhelmed by the critical events of the day, we were ignorant of the gigantic enterprise which is almost completed. The busy traffic induced by the mighty labors of the exposition, the ceaseless rushing to and fro of wagons and carriages on the Champs de Mars and the everlasting queues raised by the multitude of vehicles has roused us from our reveries.

I have visited the exposition grounds. Though I have been confronted only with architectural enigmas, with immense unfinished structures, with colossal masonry, half completed, the ensemble begins to look intelligible, the veil is beginning to lift.

My visit occurred at 6 o'clock in the evening. The sun was setting in a glorious hue. Ah, France

SPLENDORS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY M. HANOTAUX, Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs.

has no conception of the magnitude of this great World's Fair, nor have Parisians themselves yet grasped the full significance of the plans. It is not a temporary affair like the White City of Chicago of 1893. It is part of the greater Paris of the coming century.

Just as Louis XIV., in order to make room for the growth of his capital, demolished the ramparts built by Philippe Auguste, so will the Third Republic raze the walls of fortifications and bastions constructed in 1841 by Louis Philippe, thereby extending the city limits to the right bank of the northernly bend of the Seine, and annexing the dense suburbs of Boulogne, Neuilly, Levallois, Seine-Ouen, Aubervilliers and Pantin.

The geographical centre of Paris will no longer be Notre Dame, but will advance more than a mile westward to the Place de la Concorde, and a million souls will be added to the present population, giving the Greater Paris of 1900 close upon four million inhabitants.

As yet I saw no coloring, but I was amazed at the sight of the unfinished new palaces. That which in the times of Rameses and Solomon would have required decades to construct has been accomplished in a few months, thanks to modern ingenuity and energy.

France and the nations will not be disappointed. We will astonish the world. I was conveyed to one of the caissons of the nearly completed Alexander III. bridge, and I had the pleasure of a majestic perspective of the two permanent palaces—the "Grand Palais" and the "Petit Palais"—which are nearly finished. The setting sun already arrayed the domes in golden splendor. What a spectacle!

The White City of Chicago covered double the space of this coming exposition, but here is quality, not quantity. We will overcome lack of space by the beauty of our buildings and decorations.

Six acres of ground are already covered with cyclopean edifices. Some are already roofed, and



GABRIEL HANOTAUX.

Former Minister of Foreign Affairs of France.

beside those which are not are enormous masses of stones and marble blocks of all sizes, shapes and colors, which in themselves appear like so many structures. Soon there will be order out of chaos and the fairy city will have been created as in a day.

The Paris Exposition will be H-shaped, with the tops of the perpendiculars slightly approaching each other. The line between the perpendicular strokes represents the Seine from the Bridge de la Concorde to the Bridge d'Iena.

When the Exposition is completed you will hardly recognize this stretch of the old Seine. Here are Venice, and Amsterdam. There will be no end of pleasure craft of every description. My vision depicts scores of electric launches with convivial pleasure parties, an enchanting "Rue de Venise" with gondolas, calques and other water sports.

But there is also great joy in store for the revellers on terra firma, for the northern bank of the Seine will be transformed into the "Rue de Paris." Historic art will vie with vaudeville in a small city of theatres and cafes chantants, not to mention the scores of aesthetic novelties and attractions and panoramas.

The southern bank of the Seine will be for the merchants, the soldiers, the naval officers and the scientists, when they are not indulging in the lighter enjoyments. For here will stand the palaces and pavilions of foreign countries, the mighty structures or exhibits of commerce, military and naval arts.

Two superb avenues will form the eastern and western perpendiculars of the H. The former is represented by the Avenue Nicholas II., with its historic palaces, the latter extending from the Trocadero Palace to the Military School. Here a resplendent terminus will be formed by the Palace of Electricity.

This will be one of the wonders of the great show. It is a mammoth structure, facing the Champs de Mars, the widest street in the world.

Workmen are already busy on the most striking feature of this architectural chef d'oeuvre—an immense electrical fountain in the front wall, or facade, of the building.

The fountain will consist of upward of a hundred distinct waterfalls or cascades. It is being built entirely of white marble. Many of the cascades will fall from openings or windows in the front wall of the palace itself, so that when the water is turned on a large section of the palace will be covered with the waterfalls.

My guide portrayed these celestial beauties to me from our splendid position on the Pont Alexandre III., and I could have listened to him for hours, but the sun retired in a cloud, bidding me wait until May next year, when the dazzling electric illuminations will render the new city at night as clear as day.

The lights of the Paris streets began to attract our eyes, and at last only the aerial balustrades of the "Grand Palais" were visible. Before I departed the front of the "Petit Palais" received a loving caress from a ray of the setting sun, as if it would gild it with imperishable gold for the ages of eternity.

The sun had sunk in the horizon. Night spread over the river. I walked to the borders of the Bridge de la Concorde to look for one last instant at the scene which was passing from view. On the right the Pavillon de Flore caught the last rays of the sun in its flaming windows.

Splendors of the past, splendors of the future—I took them all in at a single glance, for Paris, always working, always seeking, always marching, in the pursuit of beauty, takes these, one after the other.

She pursues her lamboous life under the eternal sun and seizes by her own force and by her own invincible vitality not only the melancholy those things which come to an end, but her own things which are now beginning.